
Title: Wind

Author:

Wind: the Lost City of
Samlethe

Wind is divided into two distinctly different parts: the large flat-faced cliff buildings and platforms that give the city its name, and the tunnels that run deep into the iron mountain to which the city clings. As far as the look of the inhabitants--when outside their tunnels, they dress warmly in furs, drab browns and whites, in order to keep off the cold. When inside, bright red and yellow robes, slippers, and long flowing hair are the norm--when they can be seen at all. For the inhabitants of Wind are usually not to be seen by the casual visitor.

Wind relies almost entirely upon magic. It is Wind that is the source of the magic in the Forest of Samlethe; some speculate it was Wind that was the source of the magic that destroyed the Esidin empire, although it was not. Wind is a City fabled in legend for the potency of its arcane forces. Its library holds a vast amount of information on the subject. Virtually every citizen of Wind is a capable mage.

There is little room for

agriculture outside, but within their vaulting caverns, the mages cultivate vast forests of mushrooms and glowing molds that they eat; they also keep as a reminder of the outside, a small section of forest and fruit trees illuminated by a magical sun. Meat is a far more common food staple.

Wind produces magic: enough to pollute the forest regions, in fact. Their guilt over this is sufficient that they send out occasional covert patrols to ensure that the tribes have food and clean water. They regard themselves as the caretakers of their malformations. It is very rare that an adventurer locates the city, and therefore trade is simply nonexistent.

Wind is divided into magical disciplines, and the supreme mage in each discipline gets a say on the Colloquium. For the most part, debate is not even required--the supreme mages have lived very long lives and understand each others methods of thought.

Wind has no contact with the outside world, and therefore no political ties.

There exist many legends about Wind, but not many within it. Tales are told of this lost magical city (some say the mountains swallowed it, others say it was overrun by barbarians, others say that after destroying the Esidin the inhabitants retreated to their

fastness, others say that it became a city of ghosts when the people became pure magic and ceased to live as mortals...). These tales are common to many cultures on the continent and beyond.

As a rule, you will never glimpse an inhabitant of Wind directly if you are a visitor to their city. The chances people have to find Wind are mostly dependent upon their working their way in from the tribes. Wind does have an underclass of hunters and gatherers, the Caretakers who guard the survival of the tribes in the forest of Samlethe. These people are not nearly as mystical nor as mystery-bound as the more powerful mages of Wind (perhaps because they have not yet been initiated into the deepest secrets of the city's magics) and an outsider may learn of the city from them if they are lucky enough to encounter them in the woods or mountains.

But the mages themselves will rely upon invisibility, upon walls of force, upon secret tunnels and hidden passages and if necessary, magical force, to prevent being seen or approached.

None that are apparent--the goals of the Colloquium are rather obscure, though they do seem to be extremely wise and working towards enlightenment. As such, they no doubt dislike those who disturb their sense of ethics.

The enlightenment acquired by the Wind mages is that everything exists in and requires a balance. In effect, they are extremely aware of the issue of resource management, of conflict over consumption and desires, etc. They work hard to eradicate their desires other than the one to preserve the balance: hence the sense that the further one progresses in the hierarchy the less human one must become. Yet they are not immune to the desire for comfort, as the inner chambers of their habitations reveal.

This sense of balance has led the Wind mages to remove themselves from contact with the world, for they realize that where there is an obvious caretaker, people will not develop themselves. Their primary ethical belief is that people cannot be forced to behave ethically or well, but must reach for it themselves, and those who seek to develop the world as a whole must be therefore hidden so that reliance upon them is impossible.

Outside the mountain, it is all vast windswept platforms, massive walls, and blank walls containing secret doors. within, there is a network of tunnels through the rock that become increasingly smooth and squared the further one goes, until within the inner sanctum, magical light and warmth fill the stone spaces, and one finds huge vaulted caverns filled with the

luxuries of cultures of
ages past, cozy rooms
with fireplaces and
chimneys, floors covered
with costly rugs, windows
looking out upon scenery
that is simply not within
hundreds of miles, and
many other wondrous
impossibilities. And around
it all--an eerie
vacantness.